# The Lancaster Ledger.

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VOLUME X. LANCASTER C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1861. NUMBER 9.


## Poetry.

### LAND OF THE SOUTH!

BY A. F. LEONARD.

AIR: *Friend of my soul.*

Land of the South! the fairest land
Beneath Columbia's sky!
Proudly her hills of freedom stand,
Her plains in beauty lie.
Her dotted fields, her traversed streams
Their annual wealth renew.
Land of the South! in brightest dreams
No dearer spot we view.

Men of the South! A free-born race,
They vouch a patriot line;
Ready the foeman's van to face,
And guard their country's shrine.
By sire and son a haloing light
Through time is borne along:—
They "nothing ask but what is right,
And yield to nothing wrong."

Fair of the South! rare beauty's crown
Ye wear with matchless grace;
No classic fair of old renown
Deserve a higher place.
Your vestal robes alike become
The palace and the cot;
Wives, mothers, daughters! every home
Ye make a cherished spot.

Flag of the South! Aye, fling its folds
Upon the kindred breeze;—
Emblem of dread to tyrant holds—
Of freedom on the seas!
Forever may its stars and stripes
In cloudless glory wave;
Red, white and blue—eternal types
Of nations free and brave!

States of the South! the patriot's boast!
Here equal laws have sway:
Nor tyrant lord, nor despot host,
Upon the weak may prey.
Then let them rule from sea to sea,
And crown the queenly isle:—
Union of love and liberty,
'Neath heaven's approving smile!

God of the South! Protect this land
From false and open foes!
Guided by Thine all ruling hand
In vain will hate oppose.
So smote the ship of state move on
Upon the untathomed sea;
Gallantly o'er its surges borne
The bulwark of the free!

## CAPTAIN BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

A STORY FOR THIEVES IN THE CHURCH

I was at work one afternoon in my garden, when a visitor entered and approached so silently, that he stood within a few feet of me before I was aware of his presence.

'You appear to be very busy this afternoon,' he said, calling my name. I looked up, and was not a little astonished to see standing before me, with an embarrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded and irreverent men in the village.

'Yes, Captain Ball,' I answered; 'I was giving these young pea-vines something to climb upon.'

'And very busy thinking, also!'

'Yes, neighbor, I was thinking how much we are like these pea vines—how much we need something to climb upon; a spiritual staff to lift us above the tangles of worldliness.'

'Mr. Ransford,' said the visitor in a choked voice, 'I—I am trying to find such a staff!'

'My brother!' I exclaimed, full of sympathy and joy, 'there is but one staff; that Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon him as a pillar of support and love and truth.' You have not far to seek; you have only to reach out the tendrils of your heart in aspiration and faith, and they clasp it. The command is, Repent and believe.'

He was a middle-aged man, whose hair had grown early gray with worldly cares; whose eyes were unaccustomed to tears; and it was affecting to see that hard face soften and melt at last almost to weeping, as he grasped my hand.

'I have had a strange experience,' he said, recovering himself, but speaking with much emotion. 'It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making some very good trades, and one night, as I was walking home, reckoning up my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions—it was starlight, and very still—I could scarcely hear a noise but the field crickets and the tramp of my horse on the dark road; when suddenly a voice said, 'What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

'Was it actually a voice?' I questioned, as he hesitated.

'No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind. But the expression was just as distinct and as unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. The words I probably learned when I was a child, but had forgotten them, and I had to look in the Bible afterwards to see if they were there. I found them, and found a good many things besides, which seemed to have been intended expressly for me, to break entirely my way of life, and trouble all my calculation. The thing has been working in me ever since, and I can't stop it working. I have come to the conclusion that I must be a different man, and live for a different purpose, and I have come to talk with you about it.'

Having commenced giving the captain's story as he related it, I shall continue it in his own words as well as I can remember them. The reader, however, must imagine several weeks to have elapsed since my first conversation with him, and it had changed now to an evening meeting, where the captain, after a long struggle with himself, got up to relate his experience.

'I went to talk with the minister,' he continued, after having astonished many others as much as he had me with the repetition of the above narration, 'I wanted to get into the Church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house, and sit down in his study, where he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion and its value above all other things of this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

'Captain Ball, do you know the first thing requisite to be done if you would be a Christian?'

'I did not know.

'The Christian life, the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ,' said he, 'can be founded only upon repentance. Now, it is easy to say we repent, but the only repentance that is worth any thing is an active repentance, which means not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in the future, but one that goes to work, and seeks, as far as it is in its power, to make amends for every wrong we have ever done. Is there a person in the world, Captain Ball, who can look you in the face, and say you have wronged him?'

'He knew my weak point,' added the captain. 'Every man has his weak point and I suppose the lancet must be applied there first. That question was like sharp-searching steel driven into my soul. I writhed and groaned inwardly, and struggled and perspired a long time before I could answer. I saw it was going to be dreadful hard with me to be a Christian, I meant, however, to get off as easy as I could. So I determined to confess something which I supposed was known to everybody who knows me—my horse trade with Peter Simmons last spring.

'Did you wrong Peter?' said the minister.

'I shaved him a little,' said I

'How much?' said he. 'Tell me, honestly, what you think.'

'I let him have a ringed-boned and wind broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gay, worth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a sound and steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty five dollars to boot. I do honestly think,' said I, 'that I shaved him out of about seventy-five dollars.'

'And with seventy five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear your prayers for pardon with stolen money in your pocket?' said the minister.

'I said something about a trade is a trade, and men must look out for themselves when they swap horses, but he cut me short.

'Your own soul,' will not admit the excuses which your selfishness invents.'

'But the rule you apply,' I said, 'will cut off the heads of church members as well as mine.—There's Deacon Rich—he trades horses, and shaves when he can.'

'No matter,' said he, 'whose head is cut off, no matter what Deacon Rich does. You have to deal with your own soul, and with our Lord. And I tell you, whether you are out of the Church or in it, a single dollar which you have unjustly and knowingly taken from any man, without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability, a single dollar, I say, will be like a millstone hung upon your neck, to sink your soul into the sea of spiritual death!'

'I couldn't stand that. The Spirit of God used those words with terrible effect upon my heart. I was greatly agitated. The truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my understanding with irresistable power. I went away but couldn't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter, and paid him, making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that I was conscience-stricken, and had paid back money. Then I went to the minister again, and told him what I had done.—He didn't praise me, as I thought he would. He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it was to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary, he seemed to suspect that my hands were not quite clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged anybody else besides Peter. I tried to say 'No,' but my conscience wouldn't let me. I could have told a plumper lie than that once, without flinching; yes, and flattered myself to believe the lie. I was discouraged. I felt bitterly disheartened. It was, indeed so much harder being a Christian than I supposed, that I regretted going to talk with the minister at all. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak.

'In the way of business,' said I, 'no doubt I have taken advantage here and there—as everybody does—as church members themselves do when they can.'

'What everybody does is no rule for you or me, Captain Ball,' said the minister. 'It is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not simply to be church members—that we must strive with all our hearts. The fact of being in the fold does not make the fold; there are wolves in the fold, alas! and we are by no means justified in doing as the wolves do, even when they appear in sheep's clothing.'

'I felt the rebuke. 'Well,' said I, 'there is Deacon Rich. I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it, we were transacting other business, and by some mistake the note wasn't destroyed. I found it among my papers afterwards. I was a good deal excited, and lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The Deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people when he could; he had driven more than one hard bargain with me.'

The Deacon, who was present, and heard these allusions to himself, winced, and coughed uneasily. Captain Ball went on, without appearing to mind him.

'So,' said I to the minister, 'I concluded I would serve the Deacon as he probably would have served me under similar circumstances. I kept the note by me for a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, maybe he would like to take up that note, which had been due then a considerable time. He was surprised; looked excited and angry; said he had paid it and held out stoutly for a while. But there was the note. There was no proof that it had ever been paid; and finally he took out his pocket-book, and with some pretty hard words paid it over again with interest.'

'And now,' said the minister, 'what are you going to do about it?'

'I suppose,' said I, 'the money must be paid back.'

'So I went to the Deacon the next day, told him that on reflection I was convinced he was right, and that I was wrong about the first payment of the note, and returned him the money—one hundred and thirteen dollas—a good deal to his astonishment.'

The Deacon coughed, and wiped his forehead.

'I hoped, then, all was right,' continued Captain Ball. 'I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he has such a way of stirring up the conscience, and finding mud at the bottom, when we flatter ourselves that because it is out of sight there is no impurity there. And I knew that as long as I dreaded to see the minister, something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage which I had foreclosed on a poor man, and got his farm when he had no suspicion but that I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I had got into my possession property for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually realized half that amount.—But the proceeding was entirely legal, and so I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying, 'You have taken a poor man's land without a just return; the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul—your heart shall burn you—until with justice you wipe out your own injustice to him, and to all others whom you have wronged.'

'Against the decree of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was hard for me to raise a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion of my life to be obliged to subtract so much money from my gains, and give it to a man who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned and mourned over it in secret, and tried to pray—but that mortgage came right up between my prayer and God, and heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I could not resist the appeals of conscience any longer, and I went again to the minister, told him my trouble, and asked him what I should do.

'There is a simple test,' said he. 'Do you love your neighbor as yourself? If you do, you will be just to him, if it takes from you the last dollar you have.'

'That was a terrible sentence. I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow. 'O God!' said I, how can I ever be a Christian?' But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I could never have ended that struggle. I knelt before God, and solemnly vowed for his sake, for the sake of his pardon and love, I would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give up, if need be, all I had in the world, so that I might find peace in him. A strange soothing influence came over my soul, and a voice seemed to say, 'Though you lose all you have, God and Christ, and the blessings of a heart pure and at peace, shall be left you—the best and only true source of happiness and life. And in the solemn night time, after I gave up the struggle, that comfort seemed so great and precious, that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty, and go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing in my heart. The next day I was as light as if I had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder of what I owed him.

'Well,' said the narrator, with tears running down his cheeks, 'I only wish that everybody here could have seen the Dorr family when I visited them and made known my errand. Poor Isaac had grown quite discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife, and go to California. His children were crying, and his wife was in an extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; I had acted according to law, she said, and Isaac, careless and improvident, was greatly to blame.

'Yes,' said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, 'it was a savage game you played me; but I was a fool ever to get into debt as I did, and then fancy that any man would not take an advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence; and here you see this woman and these babies——'

'The poor fellow broke down as he looked at them, and cried like a child.

'Isaac,' said I, as soon as I could speak, 'I have come to show you that a man can be honest even when the law doesn't compel him to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babies yet unless you prefer to.'

'Prefer to—go off into a strange country, and leave them to suffer?' he cried, and he caught his children in his arms, and wrung his wife's hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

'Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note, and such surprise and happiness I never saw. They would all have kissed my feet if I had let them. It seemed to me as if heaven was opened then and there—and it was opened in my own heart, with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before.

'Mr friends,' said the captain, his once hard voice now almost as mellow as a woman's, his cheeks still moist with tears, 'I have been constrained to make this confession; I thank you for listening to it. The minister tells me I may be a church member and not a Christian. I mean to be a Christian first, and if I fail——'

He could proceed no farther, but sat down with an emotion more effective than words.

I have nothing to add to this narrative, except that he became a church member, and that his example of thorough repentance, of childlike faith, and of practical, every day righteousness, elevated many degrees the standard of Christianity among my people.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

[Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.]

## THE FORTIFICATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

### Difficulty of getting a Sight at Them—How the Difficulty was Overcome—Full Description of the Twelve Batteries.

CHARLESTON, S. C. A., Monday, March 25, 1861.—Your correspondent has been unwilling to acknowledge that he could be defeated by the South Carolinians in his efforts to see the *most important of* all the fortifications in the harbor, viz:—those on Morris Island. He had tried every expedient, had been promised over and over again that he should certainly see them, but invariably the promise has been revoked when the appointed time came. After the avalanche of crinoline that I alluded to in a recent letter, Gen. Beauregard issued the most positive orders that no civilians, under any circumstances, should be permitted to visit either Fort Johnson, Moultrie or Morris.—Notwithstanding this imperial edict, the thing has at last been done, and I have to thank that bundle of charming contradictions, a woman, for the *modus operandi.* I was coming out of Quartermaster General Hatch's office, on Meeting street, last Saturday afternoon, when I met a very lovely creature in tears. She had been to Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, in Secession Hall, but he, she said, was no gentleman, and wasn't an American thus to refuse a lady who had not seen her husband for eight weeks.—She had also been to Gov Pickens' headquarters, but could not see him. I returned with her to Mr. Hatch, and plead hard, but the Quartermaster, although made of fine-toned materials, dared not disobey the orders of his superior in rank. I determined on a *coup,* and told the lady that if she would come down to *Southern wharf* at 10 a. m. precisely, on Sunday morning, that I would have at her disposal a safe boat with four trusty oarsmen, and we would see if we could not run the gauntlet successfully. I am thus minute, because a leading merchant here told me only a fortnight since that if "*he heard of my going or attempting to go to any of the forts he should notify the Government that I was a spy!*" Yet an extraordinary piece of good luck has enabled me to see the whole net-work of immensely strong fortifications, covering the whole of Camp Gregg, as Morris Island, six miles long, is called.

Punctual to the moment, the lady arrived, and we sailed down the beautiful bay with the thermometer at 75 deg.—When off Sumter, we stopped to observe the effect of that "accidental-on-purpose" shot from the columbiad at Stevens' Battery. I observed that a place full two feet square had been knocked away, and that a very deep indentation had been made, which is now partially filled up.—On the same side there are two long rows of rifle holes on two sides of the pentagon, facing respectively Forts Morris and James. These also answer as ventilators; but owing to the imminent danger of an attack at any moment, the lower range had been sealed up with lead, and the upper one partially so, thus protecting themselves on this side, but adding to the dangers of a long siege by shutting out a free current of pure air. Instead of sailing direct for the first battery at Cummings' Point, which threw the shell into Sumter, we turned our course for Morris' Island Creek, and made for Col. Gregg's private wharf, about one mile up from the bay. As we neared the landing, the sentry, a rough up country soldier, who, like many of his companions, has not seen a woman's face for over a month, stared my beautiful companion completely out of countenance, and evidently was so completely nonplussed that we might have passed without any "permit." I gave my card, and requested him to send at once to Col. Gregg and inform him that the representative of the New York *Times* had taken the liberty of visiting the island, and trusted that he would be permitted to see the different batteries, and also to escort a lady who wished to see Lieut. ——, of the Richland Rifles. In fifteen minutes Col. Gregg himself came riding down, eyed me pretty sharply, evidently wondered at the temerity of the "Special," but, nevertheless, invited me to land, and also my companion.—While she was escorted to her husband's quarters, I was carefully shown all the batteries on the island, for which I wish here to thank the Commandant of Camp Gregg, and especially Capt McGowan, the Quartermaster, who extended every possible facility to me. Starting for Cummings' Point, let me describe them in detail.

At the point nearest to Fort Sumter, called Cummings' or Pelican Point, we have first the

COLUMBIA BATTERY.

This battery is commanded by Capt. Green, and has *four* ten inch mortars and *two* Columbiads. Secondly, the

STEVENS BATTERY.

This is commonly called the Iron Battery. It is invented by the Cashier of the Planters' and Mechanic' Bank of Charleston. Mr. Stevens submitted the plan to Gov. Pickens, but meeting with no encouragement there, he showed his plan to Mr. Hatch, who interested the Secretary of War, Mr. Jamison, in it, and he praised the idea so highly that Gov. Pickens gave his consent to the erection of it. His brother commands it. Here there are *three* Columbiads, sixty four pounders; the front or *glacis,* as I believe it is called, is protected by sand bags twenty feet thick. The doors for the embrasures work by a lever, which, although bombproof, can be opened and shut, through a novel contrivance, by a chain. These doors are five feet by three and a half. The "rat trap" of this battery, as the place for the reserves is called, is protected by sand but fifteen feet thick.—Here one hundred men can repose in perfect safety. The roof of this battery, as I believe I have before mentioned, is covered with two layers of the T. pattern rail, which are dove-tailed together, and closely pinned to the fibrinous Palmetto logs underneath. This whole battery is so unique and so strong, that doubtless it is destined to revolutionize all the old fashioned ideas of fortifications. It is the intention of the Palmettoans, when they occupy Sumter to pour into this battery a perfect shower of iron hail to thoroughly test its merits. They are confident that not the slightest impression will be made upon it. Leaving this rhinoceros-like mass of Palmetto, iron and sand, we come thirdly to

FORT MORRIS BATTERY.

This is commanded by Captain Green. Here there are *three* Columbiads and *four* mortars, which can be used either for Fort Sumter or for the channel, being *en barbette.*

All of the above guns can be brought to bear directly on Sumter, and each one of them can throw a shell every *five minutes.* Fourthly, we have

GREEN'S BATTERY.

This is also commanded by Capt. Green. Here there are *four* Columbiads, and *two* forty two pounders *en barbette,* which will sweep the whole island. Capt. Green is a wealthy planter, and has in his company five high privates who are each worth $200,000. They were lounging in their rough barracks when I passed, a regular Hudson River Railroad looking Irish shanty!

Fifthly, we have

COL. MACREADY'S BATTERY.

This is defended by *three* forty-twos, and *one* thirty two pounder, all *en barbette,* which sweep the island.

Sixthly, the

CHANNEL BATTERY.

This is commanded by Capt. J. G. King. Here there are *three* twenty-four pounders, *en barbette.*

Seventhly, the notorious

STAR OF THE WEST BATTERY.

Capt. Green holds this point, with *four* twenty-four pounders and *one* forty-two pounder.

At the northeast point of the Island where the channel turns, we come to the eighth, the

DAHLGREN BATTERY.

This is commanded by Lieut. Warley, late of the United States Steamship *Richmond.* There are *two* swivel guns, of 10 inch; they command the whole channel up and down.

We come now to the narrow part of Morris Island, where it is only one hundred yards across. This is called the

VINEGAR HILL BATTERY.

Here there are *three* guns, eighteen pounders, *en barbette.*

Tenthly, the

BEACON BATTERY.

*Four* thirty twos, *en barbette,* are placed near the old beacon, on a range of sand hills.

We now approach No. Eleven, on an elevation one hundred feet, where the ex United States lighthouse stands, which is not allowed to burn at present. This is called

LIGHTHOUSE BATTERY.

This most important point is guarded by *two* forty-two pounders, *en barbette.*

In the rear of this, intended to open on "a fire in the rear," is the

LIGHT HOUSE INLET BATTERY.

This post of the inlet is protected by three twenty four pounders, and two forty twos, *en barbette.*

The entire island is thus fortified in the strongest manner, and every point is carefully watched day and night by two thousand men. The strictest military discipline prevails. Col. Gregg, to set his men a good example, keeps no liquor himself, and if any is found in the soldiers' quarters it is thrown away. The men are all volunteers, serving for six months; and as they enlist for glory, they submit to regular New York "tenement house" quarters without a murmur. Their *cuisine* would shock a French soldier. I was hospitably entertained at Col. Gregg's, and found on the dinner table very excellent Fulton Market beef and Goshen butter. Lamar, of *Wanderer* notoriety, was one of the party of twelve. He belongs to one of the regiments. The South Carolina beauty came back happy, escorted by JASPER.

## The Last United States Census.

The general results of the last United States census have been published in some of our exchanges, and some facts which they develop may not be uninteresting to our readers. The grand total of the whole population of the United States, on the 30th of June last, was 31,510,802, against 23,191,876 in 1850; being an actual increase of 8,238,015, for the decade.

The six New England States have a population of 3,135,301; the gain in ten years is 407,185, being a little more than 14 per cent., which is the smallest gain or any section during the decade.

The Middle States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have a population of 7,465,943, a gain of 1,566,972, or 26 1-2 per cent. The largest proportional increase has been in New Jersey.

The largest gain has been in the North western States—Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas. The gain for ten years in these States is 3 149,345, or about 67 per cent Of these Illinois gains 101 per cent., Wisconsin 154 and Iowa 251 per cent.

The total result in all the free States and Territories shows only an increase of about 41 1-2 per cent.

The population of the Border Slave States, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas, is as follows:—Free, 5,624,009; slaves, 1,638 297—Total 7 262,306. The gain in slaves for ten years has been 199,601, or 14 per cent.: gain in free population, 1,220,376 less than 28 per cent. In Delaware and Maryland, slaves have decreased. Virginia shows but 18,000 more than 1850; Kentucky not 15,000 more; Arkansas more than doubles both free and slave; Missouri adds 460,000 to her free, and 28,000 only to her slaves; Tennessee adds about 70,000 free, and 35,000 slaves; North Carolina 80 000 free, 43,000 slaves.

The Richmond *Examiner,* from whose full exhibit we compile most of the figures we have given, says justly that the above statistics, as regards the border States, show the terrible effect of the abolition movement on slave interests.

The Confederate States show a population of free, 2,656,481; slaves, 2,311,260—total 4,967,741, being a gain in ten years: in slaves 549,592, a little over 31 per cent.; free inhabitants 647,509, less than 33 per cent. South Carolina gains in slaves 18,000, in free about the same number—slaves making four sevenths of her entire population. This and Mississippi are the only States in which the slaves outnumber the free; in the latter there are 80,000 more slaves than freemen. Texas, of course, has grown the most rapidly, having nearly trebled her free, and quite trebled her slaves—Georgia has grown about 12 per cent.; Florida nearly 70 per cent.; Alabama about 25 per cent.; Louisiana 38 per cent.—*Columbia Guardian.*

INLAND PORTS OF ENTRY.—The Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederated States publishes the following important notices of points at which ports of entry have been established:

Norfolk, at Nelms' Landing on the Mississippi River; Hernando, and the Mississippi and Central Railroad; Holly Springs, on the Mississippi Central Railroad; Eastport, on the Tennessee River; Corinth, at the crossing of the Mobile and Ohio, and of the Memphis and Charleston Railroads; Athens, on the Railroad from Decatur to Pulaski; Stephenson, at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston, and of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroads; Atlanta, at the junction of the Georgia Railroad, the Western and Atlantic, and various other Railroads; Chester, at the junction of the Charlotte and Columbia, and of the King's Mountain Railroad; Florence, at the junction of the Wilmington and Manchester, and of the Northeastern, and of the Cheraw and Darlington Railroads.

Condensed from the Charleston Mercury.

## Convention of the People of So. Ca.

FIFTH DAYS PROCEEDINGS.

APRIL 1, 1861.

The Convention met 12 o'clock, m. and was called to order by the President, Hon. D. F. Jamison.

After prayer by the Rev. Mr. Timmons the roll was called and the Journal of Friday's proceedings was read and approved.

HON. LOUIS T. WIGFALL.

Mr. Chesnut. Mr. President, our distinguished countryman, Louis T. Wigfall, is now in this city, and I am sure it will afford great satisfaction to the Convention to tender him any testimonial of regard for his gallant services in the cause of Southern independence. I move, therefore, that the President be authorized and requested to tender Mr. Wigfall the privileges of this floor.

The question was taken, and the motion was agreed to.

PRINTING REPORTS.

Mr. Dunkin, from the Committee on Postal Arrangements and Commercial Relations, to whom was referred the communication of the Postmaster General to the Governor, and also the communication of the Secretary of the Treasury to the Governor, reported that the Committee had examined the same, and recommended that the usual number of both documents be printed for the use of the Convention, and that five hundred extra copies of the communication of the Secretary of the Treasury be printed for distribution.

The question being taken, the report was agreed to.

ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION BY MISS.

The President laid before the Convention the following telegraphic despatch, received on Saturday morning last at 9. 30 o'clock:

JACKSON, MISS., March 30, 1861.

*To the President of the Convention:*

I am instructed to inform you that the Convention of Mississippi has ratified and adopted the Constitution of the Confederate States almost unanimously.

WILLIAM S. BARRY,
President of the Convention.

CAROLINA ART ASSOCIATION.

The President also laid before the body a communication from the Carolina Art Association, through its President, R. F. W. Allston, Esq., inviting the members of the Convention to visit the Gallery of Art, on Meeting street, during their stay in this city.

On motion of Mr. Chesnut, the invitation was accepted, and the communication was laid on the table.

And then, on motion of Mr. Orr, the Convention proceeded to sit with closed doors.

THE effect of extreme cold is thus described by Bayard Taylor: When the thermometer is 40 or 50 degrees below zero, the sensation which you endure, I can only characterize as a continued struggle for life. You not only feel the cold, but you actually see it. The hair is hazy with frozen moisture. The sky is like a vault of solid steel, so hard and pale does it appear. And the wind is like a blast out of that fabulous frozen hill of the Scandinavians. The touch of it on the face is like cutting with an exceedingly dull and jagged knife. I endured this weather during two days of travel in an open sleigh, but very fortunately it was blowing on my back, or I would have been obliged to give up the battle. Every man I met who traveling against the wind, had a face either already frozen or just in the act of freezing. Those purple faces surrounded with rings of ice did not seem to belong to human beings.—Dr. Kane described to me his sensations upon being exposed for two days to a storm at a temperature of 47 degrees below zero. Although the physical effect was not particularly painful, yet the mental effect was such as to make him and his men delirious for some days afterwards. The physical effect of an extremely low temperature—perhaps the lowest which the human frame is capable of feeling—is a sort of slow, penetrating, deadly chill, rather than an acute and painful sensation. But after the battle is over, on entering a warm room, then a painful sensation commences.

KEEPING FOLKS IN MEETING.—When Mr. Moody—Handkerchief Moody—was on a journey in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said—

'I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to morrow; but I feel ashamed to ask you'

'Why, what is the matter?' said Mr. Moody.

'Why, our people have got in such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger.'

'If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you,' was Mr. Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named the text, he looked around on the assembly and said—

'My hearers, I am going to speak to two kinds of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention.'

When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said—

'There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting house as soon as you please.'

But all tarried and heard him through.